

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"  
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 481.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1841.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## PREVENTION.

It will, we believe, be admitted, that forethought and provision for the future, though the result of natural qualities of the mind, are generally manifested in a proportion to the amount of cultivation which the mind may have received.

The untutored man thinks little of any thing beyond the present. The evils and the enjoyments of the passing day are enough for him. Most of his acts are prompted by some motive of the hour, with little control from any reflection as to what the next day or hour may bring forth. The convenience of the moment is attended to with some degree of energy, but only if the immediate advantage is sure to exceed the immediate trouble. Where the advantage is remote, or distributed over a large space in the future, he is found to be very loath to exert himself. We do not require to look far for illustrations of these principles. It is matter of notoriety that, the farther we go down the scale of society, we see the greater disposition to marry improvidently; and only observe how patiently the simple cottager endures some standing inconvenience in or around his dwelling, if to cure it require more labour than the pain from the annoyance at any time amounts to. The degree of indifference or negligence on such points is of course liable to be affected by various considerations, as the example which may be set by better minds, and still more particularly the natural qualities of the untutored mind itself. Very ignorant people may therefore be sometimes seen exercising more foresight than those who are a degree more enlightened. Yet the rule holds good in the main, that mental cultivation is necessary to the exhibition of forethought, and the exercise of a decent providence for the future. It is quite clear how such should be the case. For forethought, self-denial is generally required, and for this virtue, again, a certain degree of mental advancement appears indispensable. It seems also necessary for forethought, that there should be a sufficient expansion of mind to take in all the elements of the prospect. There is still another consideration. The untutored man is usually quite at sea on the subject of probabilities. The affairs of the world seem to him to proceed upon some principle of blind chance, or to be directed by some power which is only guided by its own capricious will. He not only does not see the order which Providence has produced by means of law, but he positively thinks there is no order whatever, and is practically a fatalist. An indifference as to particular courses of conduct is the consequence, and inclination alone will determine whether he takes the right or the wrong one. All these things considered, we can easily see how cultivated natures alone can be expected to display much forethought.

As with individuals, so is it with societies. As a nation advances in intelligence and civilisation, it exercises forethought and pre-arrangement on many points formerly left to the chance provision of the moment. The making of an ordinary road may be considered as a striking enough example of the exercise of forethought in a body of people. The labour of making the road greatly exceeds to any person concerned the inconvenience he would immediately experience from there being no prepared road. But it is calculated that, against the accumulated inconvenience which great numbers of people would experience during a long course of time from the want of a formed road, the labour of making it is a trifle—and hence, as soon as men have the powers for making this calculation, and the self-denial and capital necessary for the expenditure of the labour, a road is made.

The principle of insurance, by which individual calamities are provided against by the multitude, is another expressive example of social providence or pre-arrangement.

As our own society advances, it will probably be found to exercise forethought on many points now left unconsidered, and the neglect of which leads to much evil. The prevention of disease, for example, will probably attract ere long a large share of attention. It will be found by individuals that an immense proportion of their bodily ailments might be obviated by their living according to the dictates of nature—that is to say, in few words, right food in right quantities, muscular exercise, and pure air. They will find that there is no real cause for their ever experiencing any painful or dangerous malady, except in those accidents which no one can foresee. Authorities will likewise learn this important truth, and such care will be taken to neutralise all noxious influences in cities and elsewhere, that the poorest poor will be comparatively exempt from disease. It is from a consideration of the value of such arrangements, and of the high degree of public forethought implied by them, that we are inclined to regard some late movements of the British legislature respecting the cleaning of cities, as amongst the most precious testimonies which the time presents of modern civilisation. For a public body thus to address itself, not to an evil which has taken place, and which something must be done to remedy, but to the prevention of evils which may yet take place, strikes us as the most expressive proof that could be given of a high state of mind. Be it remarked, when an evil has taken place—when a fellow-creature, for example, has been seized with a severe illness—we cannot avoid doing something in the way of alleviation and relief. One of the strongest principles of our nature forbids us to "pass by on the other side." But when we look far ahead, and take measures to prevent men from being seized with such illnesses, we are acting in a far higher and more rational capacity—approaching, indeed, nearer to our divine original, which provides for all things. This is quite proper, because, in point of fact, what we do in the latter case is infinitely more useful and to the purpose. It is not always, indeed, that such acts attract the respect of mankind. They usually have in them too little of the glittering to receive much notice. No one would think of claiming a lofty niche in fame's temple for Sir Hugh Middleton, who caused the New River to be brought to London to supply its inhabitants with water; yet this is perhaps the man of all others, whose acts have been the most beneficial to the metropolis.

We shall here adduce a somewhat remarkable instance of the effect of a little judicious pre-arrangement in obviating disease. In the city of Glasgow, in five years ending with 1839, the average annual number of cases of fever was 11,118. Provisions highly creditable to the city have been made for the treatment of poor persons ill with fever: they are either taken to hospitals or attended gratis in their own houses, and the dead are buried at the public expense. A physician calculated the loss from fever in one of these years (1836) at not less than £30,000. The evil is altogether a very great one, but, from its being nowhere else experienced in so great a degree, we may be well assured that it depends in no small measure on local circumstances. The chief causes assigned by medical inquirers are dense population, bad ventilation, and destitution. We shall here adduce strong reasons to show that, however destitution or any other cause may operate remotely, the immediate cause is deficient ventilation. There is, in the suburb of Anderston, a large house, called, from

its mode of construction and the vast crowd of human beings who live in it, the *Barrack*. It is said that nearly five hundred persons, chiefly poor Irish, live in this building, each family having one, or at most two little rooms. At one time, fever was never absent from the Barrack; five had been seen ill at once in one room, and in the last two months of 1831, the cases in this single house were fifty-seven. During the five years ending with 1839, there were 55,949 cases of fever in the whole city: consequently, it will be observed, this house, with (say) 480 inhabitants, ought to have had, as its fair proportion, 112 cases, the population of the city being considered as, at a medium, 240,000. But how does the case really stand? Early in 1832, at the recommendation of an ingenious surgeon of the district (Mr Fleming), a simple tin tube about two inches in diameter had been led from the ceiling of each room of the Barrack into a general tube, the extremity of which was inserted into the chimney of a furnace connected with a neighbouring factory; by which means a perpetual draft was established upon the atmospheric contents of every room, and its inmates compelled, whether they would or not, to breathe pure air. The consequence—for we cannot but consider it as the consequence—was, that during the ensuing eight years, fever was scarcely known in that house. Laying aside one year, during which Mr Fleming had not the charge of the apparatus, there were, up to last December, only four cases.

Had not the apparatus been applied, we cannot doubt that the Barrack would have had much more than 112 cases even in five years, for its population is of the most wretched description, and, in fact, it always did exhibit a greater amount of fever than any other part of the city peopled to the same extent. It is not, therefore, too much to assume, that, without the apparatus, there would have been 250 cases, instead of four, in the seven years. Let us now look to the pecuniary part of the case. The apparatus cost, according to the best of our information, under £50; and it is kept in action without any expense. But the proportion of public expense for the treatment of fever, in such a number of people in five years, would have been about £280. There has therefore been a saving of bare money to the public to the amount of £230 on this single house, from merely a little forethought and pre-arrangement. Nor is this by any means all. Such a saving of money sinks into insignificance, beside the incalculably greater saving of human wretchedness. Fever is remarked in Glasgow to be particularly fatal to the adult; that is to say, it takes away the fathers and mothers of families, leaving hordes of poor children a prey to neglect, starvation, mis-education, and consequent vice and misery. If we give the slightest consideration to what a calamity it is for a set of young children of the humbler class to lose a parent, we cannot but deplore with our whole hearts any broadly recognised form of disease which tends particularly to occasion such disasters, and must feel deeply the importance of taking any steps which may promise to prevent them even in the smallest measure. Nor is benevolence alone here concerned, for it is clear that the children made orphans by great city fevers must be supported in some way by the public. They either receive a regulated support from charitable institutions, or live in some worse way. It is probable that fully a half of the criminal classes every where are supplied from families which have been left in an orphan condition. Hence there is a further and most decided saving of mere money to be effected by taking fair and rational means to reduce mortality among the poor.

It may seem strange that the large city we have

spoken of should be allowed year after year to suffer from so severe a scourge, when there is actually in operation within it a means of all but extinguishing the disease. We must consider, however, that a somewhat extraordinary measure of sagacity was required, in the first place, to conceive that draught-tubes would ventilate the house, and that, secondly, after this idea was arrived at, there must have been no ordinary degree of determination brought into play before so much trouble was taken, and even so moderate an expense incurred, merely to anticipate an evil. Then there is the unrecognised character of the preventive. The scientific mind can see in a moment the connexion between the apparatus and the banished disease; but how many minds are of this nature! Even in the educated world, a philosophical scheme is not too apt to be well received or fairly dealt with. The healer has a recognised claim to respect; and he that kindly succours but one case of *formed* misery, receives at once the meed of praise. But the idea of preventing, by a more enlightened and enlarged benevolence, thousands of cases of disease and misery from *being* formed, is comparatively new to us, and perhaps a little too abstract for the popular understanding. Hence, the Anderston Barrack is allowed to stand in solitary healthiness for eight years, while more comfortable abodes around are desolated. But this cannot always be the case. In time, it will be acknowledged that it is a pity not to take advantage every where of a natural law seen in one instance to operate so beneficially; the beneficence now so liberally expended in efforts, at the best inadequate, to alleviate calamities which have taken place, will be directed to the prevention of the same class of evils; and we shall have ten times the amount of good done for the tenth part of the money, by simply contemplating human misery in the future instead of the past or present tense—that is to say, by PREVENTION.\*

The prevention of crimes has long been the only professed object of punishment in all its shapes; but it is beginning to be discovered that punishment is not the best or most effective means of preventing crime. It is, clearly, an evil in itself, for it destroys or degrades the culprit, and distresses, if it does not also partly harden, society. It has also been seen that the punishment of one person tends much less than might be supposed to prevent others from committing crime, the motives to crime being generally stronger than the fear inspired by punishment. Attention is now directed to the conditions which cause men to become criminals, as it is by endeavours to modify those conditions that we may best hope to prevent crime. It is here as in the case of disease—some simple arrangement, taking advantage of a natural principle, may be found to obviate altogether the unhealthiness which seems necessary in averagely constituted minds to bring on criminal designs. Take the outcast and the desolate, and let in fresh air upon their destitute natures, and they may be made good members of society, instead of evil doers, and sources of all kinds of moral infection. This is found to be more practicable than at first sight would appear. The criminal are ascertained to be, in most circumstances, a limited and well-defined class. They are, in fact, a small set of unfortunates who have chanced to begin life under circumstances unfavourable for morality, and who could, without any great difficulty, be diverted into better courses. Were society at any one moment exhausted of its ill-doing class, the formation of criminals for the future would be much retarded, for the existence of active criminals is one of the chief causes why more criminals arise. Only a slight provision for the saving of those who, from other circumstances, were in the way of becoming criminals, would then be necessary in order to make every thing like systematic crime nearly disappear. Houses of refuge may be considered as well meant, though as yet generally inadequate efforts, towards these results. As the world advances in civilisation, we shall unquestionably see more and more done in the way of preventing crime, and punishments become less and less severe. Such changes will be amongst the tests of civilisation, just as it is held by us as a test of the good sense of a father that he exerts himself to prevent his children from acquiring evil dispositions, instead of letting them go on into all kinds of wickedness, and then thrashing by way of correction.

The principle of prevention is as applicable in all respects to private and domestic as to public matters. The wisdom of the fireside has said since the beginning of things, that "a stitch in time saves nine." Most true; forethought is the real charm for witching the

evil out of the world. It is as yet given to few minds to exercise this principle with uniform activity, and many are far from having any beyond the smallest endowment of it; but the inevitable result of expansion and improvement of mind, whether in individuals or in societies, is to increase forethought, and to reduce evils by preventing them.

#### JOTTINGS RESPECTING JERSEY.

JERSEY, as is well known, is a thriving and very populous island in the English Channel, the largest and most southerly of that group on the coast of France, which forms an appendage to the British crown. It is, we believe, about twelve miles long, and six or seven broad, precipitous towards the sea, and contains about 40,000 inhabitants, who, though subjects of the British monarch, can be affected by no act of parliament till they have consented to it in a house of assembly of their own. The inhabitants are chiefly of Norman-French descent, and still in some instances speak the French language, yet are so well affected to England, that every attempt of the French to seize the island has failed. The principal town, which contains the governor's house, is St Helier, a neat sea-port situated at one of the extremities of a beautiful bay, while the village of St Aubin occupies the other, and a crescent-like range of intermediate heights presents a fine array of pretty villas and boxes.

With these preliminaries, we introduce a few jottings respecting Jersey from the manuscript of an accomplished friend who visited it a few years ago, while on his way to enjoy a ramble in the north-west provinces of France. This gentleman landed at St Helier, which accordingly he described before adverting to the excursions he made in other parts of the island:—"St Helier may contain about 7000 inhabitants. Internally, it differs little from the majority of small sea-ports in England, save it may be in the predominance of foreign names on the sign-boards, and the groups of French market-women, distinguished by their fantastic head-gear, who perambulate the streets. The only place worthy of a visit is the market, which, for orderly arrangement and plenteous supply, is scarcely excelled in any quarter of the world. It was occupied chiefly by Norman women, who repair thither regularly once a-week from Granville to dispose of their fowls, fish, eggs, fruit, and vegetables. Most of them were seated at their stalls, and industriously plying their needles when not occupied in serving customers. They had a mighty demure look, and never condescended to solicit any person to deal with them—a mode of behaviour which the butchers, fishmongers, fruiterers, and green-grocers of Great Britain would do well to imitate. The generality were hard-featured, and their grotesque head-dresses, parti-coloured kerchiefs, and short clumsily-plaited petticoats, gave them a dumpy antiquated air, altogether irreconcilable to an English taste. They were, however, wonderfully clean and civil, and honourable in their traffic, compared with the over-reaching hucksters who infest our markets; and it was gratifying to hear that the Jersey people encouraged their visits, and treated them with hospitality and respect.

The rock on which Elizabeth Castle is perched is nearly a mile in circuit, and accessible on foot at low water by means of a mole formed of loose stones and rubbish, absurdly termed 'the bridge,' which connects it with the mainland. In time of war with France, this fortress was a post of great importance, and strongly garrisoned; but in these piping days of peace, I found only one sentinel pacing his 'lonely round' on the ramparts. The barracks were desolate, the cannon dismounted, and grass sufficient to have grazed a whole herd had sprung up in the courts and among the pyramids of shot and shells piled up at the embrasures. The gate stood open, inviting all who listed to enter, and native or foreigner might institute what scrutiny he pleased without interruption. This fearless exposition of our national strongholds to the inquisitorial eyes whether of friend or foe, is peculiarly British. It is in the bravery and unfettered spirit of her people, not in walls and ramparts, that she trusts, and a war of twenty years has proved that her defences are of adamant.

The works of Fort Regent occupy the precipitous hill that overhangs the harbour, and completely command Elizabeth Castle, and indeed the whole bay. They are of great strength, and immense masses of rock have been blown away from the cliff, in order to render it more impregnable. The barracks are bomb-proof, and scooped in the ramparts; and the parade ground, which in shape exactly resembles a coffin, forms the nucleus of the fortifications. This fortress had been completed since the peace, and we found the 12th regiment of the line garrisoning it; but little of the pomp and circumstance of warlike preparation was visible on its ramparts. The prospect seaward is magnificent, and includes a vast labyrinth of rocks, called the Violet Bank, which fringes the south-eastern corner of the island. One glimpse of this submarine garden is sufficient to satisfy the most apprehensive patriot that Jersey is in a great measure independent of 'towers along the steep.'

At St Helier, a stranger may, without any great stretch of imagination, fancy himself in England; but, sooner does he penetrate into the country, than such self-deception becomes impossible. The roads, even the best of them, are mere paths, narrow, deeply sunk between enormous dikes, and so fenced by

hedges and trees as to be almost impervious to the light of day. The fields, of which it is scarcely possible to obtain a glimpse from these 'covered ways,' are paltry paddocks, rarely exceeding two or three acres. Hedges and orchards render the face of the country like a forest, and nearly as much ground is occupied by lanes and fences as is under the plough. The crops, chiefly wheat and barley, had been cut down before my arrival, but, judging by the stubble, they had been luxuriant. Many of the fields were carpeted with a rich aftermath of clover, and such as were laid down as meadow, were beautifully verdurous. A considerable extent of ground was cropped with potatoes, which promised to be so productive throughout the island, that several growers with whom I conversed predicted they would scarcely be worth digging. The potato is reputed to obtain perfection in Jersey, and the lightness and friability of the soil are certainly favourable to its cultivation; but I did not detect any superlative qualities in such as were produced at table during my sojourn at St Helier.

A view of the western side of Jersey is calculated to impress a stranger with an idea that it is a barren unproductive island; but no supposition could be more erroneous, as, in fact, a great proportion of it may be described as an orchard. The extent of ground planted with fruit-trees—apple, pear, and plum—is prodigious, and consequently cider—and very excellent cider, too—is one of the staple products of the country, and a favourite beverage among the natives. At the Union Hotel, St Helier, boarders were allowed to drink as much of it as they pleased, without being subjected to any additional charge. The rage for planting and fencing first seized the Jersey proprietors about two centuries ago, when the whole island being exposed to the blighting sea wind, the fruit suffered greatly from want of shelter. This led to the absurd system of subdivision, which has been in progress ever since, and which has so lamentably reduced the productive surface. The preposterous breadth of the dikes, and the unpruned luxuriance of the hedges, intertwined with brambles and other rank-growing plants, are neither profitable nor ornamental; and it is only surprising how the islanders should have remained so long blind to the waste and inconvenience they occasion. The more public roads exhibited traces of having been recently widened and repaired—an improvement suggested and carried into execution during the late efficient government of General Don. What sort of tracks they were previous to this trimming, may be conjectured from the state of the by-roads. It is a fact strikingly illustrative of the ignorance which too frequently characterises the deliberation of interested bodies of men, that Governor Don encountered great opposition, and even risked his popularity, when he first began this useful work; but the clamour which prejudice raised against him has long since died away, and the natives, convinced by experience of the sound policy that dictated it, look back to his administration with gratitude and respect.

About three miles inland from St Helier, is a singular structure named Prince's Tower, erected on an artificial mound or tumulus, and embowered in a grove of fine trees. The extensive prospect it commanded, and the indubitable antiquity of the masonry, induced me to apply for permission to ascend it, and I was rewarded with a bird's-eye view of nearly the whole island, and a vast sweep of the French coast, extending almost from Cape de la Hogue to Avranches. An Englishman had lately taken up his abode in the tower, which, with the adjacent pleasure-ground, he rented at forty pounds a-year. His object was to render it a place of resort to the inhabitants of St Helier, and his advertisements promised that the 'delightful emotions excited by its unrivalled scenery, and the harmonious chat of the feathered tribe, should not be counteracted by the comfortless sensations of hunger, thirst, and weariness.' The interior of the tower was neatly and appropriately fitted up. One apartment was designated the chapel, and in the highest room were several telescopes, mounted so as to traverse to any point of the compass, for the gratification of visitors.

But it is the traditionary history of Prince's Tower that renders it interesting in the eyes of the islanders. In former times it was known by the name of La Hogue Bye; and the following legend, quoted from *Le Livre Noir de Coutances*, gives the origin of its celebrity. In remote times, a moor or fen in this part of Jersey was the retreat of a monstrous serpent or dragon, which spread terror and devastation throughout the island. At length a valorous Norman, the Seigneur de Hambye, undertook to attempt its destruction, which, after a terrible conflict, he accomplished. He was accompanied in this adventure by a vassal, of whose fidelity he had no suspicion, but who, seeing his lord overcome by fatigue, after having vanquished the reptile, suddenly bethought himself of monopolising the glory of the action. Instigated by this foul ambition, he assassinated his lord, and returning to Normandy, promulgated a fictitious narrative of the encounter; and to further his iniquitous views, presented a forged letter, which he said had been written by De Hambye just before his death, to his widow, enjoining her to reward his faithful servant by accepting him as her second husband. Reverence for the last injunction of her deceased lord induced the lady to obey, and she was united to his murderer. But the exultation of the homicidal slave

\* Since this paper was written, we have been informed that eight cases of fever have appeared in the Anderston Barrack during the time which has elapsed since we obtained the above particulars—namely, the three first months of 1841. Of these, however, at least four are ascertained to have been of persons who had either come to live there with the disease hanging about them, or who brought it from diseased neighbours. It is also considered unlikely, that in any of the other four cases the disease arose spontaneously in the house.

In places where a factory furnace is not to be had conveniently, a similar building might be ventilated by a stove established in the staircase or lobby, into which the air-tubes might be made to run. Thus, the draught being generally supplied from the staircase, the rooms would be supplied with air slightly warmed. If it was thought disadvantageous to depend on a fire which might be found inconvenient in summer, the fume of a public washing-house might serve the required end, or it might be worth while to keep up a fire on purpose. After giving a good deal of consideration to the subject, we feel little inclined to hope that any kind of ventilation, except that produced by a fire-draught, will be found effectual.



was of short duration. His sleep was disturbed by horrid dreams, and at length, in one of his nightly paroxysms, he disclosed the extent of his villany. On being arrested and questioned, he made a full confession, and was tried, found guilty, and publicly executed. De Hambye's widow, in memory of her lord, caused a tumulus of earth to be raised on the spot where he was buried, and on the summit she built a chapel, with a tower so lofty as to be visible from her own mansion at Coutances.

The most prominent object in the noble panoramic view from the top of Prince's Tower, is a huge fortress on the eastern side of the island, called the Castle of Mont Orgueil. It crests a lofty conical rock that forms the northern headland of Grouville Bay, and looks down like a grim giant on the subjacent strait. The fortifications encircle the cone in picturesque tiers, and the apex of the mountain shoots up in the centre of them. During war, a strong garrison constantly occupied Mont Orgueil; but now a corporal and two privates of artillery composed the whole military force. The corporal, a quiet, intelligent man—who spoke with much horror of paying a visit to the West Indies, which, in the mutations of his professional life, he had a prospect of doing at no distant date—acted as *cicerone*; and, among other places, introduced me into a small circular apartment, forming one of the suite appropriated to officers, which, he said, had been the habitation of Charles II. when a wanderer. This prince, when his unfortunate father fell into the hands of the regicidal party, found a loyal welcome in Jersey. Here he was recognised as king, when in England they sought his blood: here he remained in security, when his fatherland afforded him no asylum. During his lonely sojourn in this remote portion of his hereditary dominions, he is said to have employed himself in making a survey, and delineating a map, of the island. The natives, flattered by the confidence he reposed in them, and justly proud of nine centuries of unblemished loyalty to the throne of Great Britain, still refer to his residence as a memorable event, and in no other part of the British dominions is the memory of the Merry Monarch more respected. When Cromwell, after the disastrous issue of the battle of Worcester, sent an expedition, under Admiral Blake, to reduce the island, it made a most gallant and protracted defence; and had not circumstances conspired to favour the invaders, their victory would have been dearly purchased. If we view Charles only as a crowned king, his character inspires sentiments that point him out as utterly unworthy of the blind but generous devotion of his adherents; but as a wanderer, proscribed by his regicidal subjects, and driven, like a weed on the ocean, from shore to shore, he excites the sympathy which seems inseparable from unfortunate royalty.

A small pier, intended to facilitate the landing of stores, and shelter the numerous oyster-vessels that resort to Grouville Bay at the dredging season, projects into the sea immediately under the castle guns. The bay, like that of St Aubin, is defended by a regular line of martello towers, several of which are built on reefs, far within flood-mark, that form part of the Violet Bank. The adjacent country is a perfect garden, and numerous secluded villas and cottages are scattered among the prolific and umbrageous orchards that spread around. A small village, called Goree, lies a short way southward of Mont Orgueil. In former times it was a sutling place for the garrison; now, it is only the rendezvous of a few oyster-fishers. In the auberges here (every alternate house retailed liquor) brandy sold at a shilling a bottle. The honest corporal at Mont Orgueil, mentioned that, a good many years ago, several thousand Russian troops, intended to co-operate with a British force in a diversion on the coast of France in favour of the house of Bourbon, were encamped here, and died in hundreds in consequence of their intemperate attachment to this liquor.

Grouville church is buried among leaves and blossoms. Thousands of rare trees embower it, and flowers of every dye, breathing fragrance, crept up the walls, and wreathed round the lattices of the smiling parsonage. He who scoffs at the idea of a rational being confining his recreations to cottage horticulture, who contemns, in toto, the pleasures of a retired country life, ought to visit Grouville parsonage on a summer evening. One glance over its humble gate will remove his antipathies, and make him regret, though he may be the owner of a town-surrounded palace, that for him smiles no such home.

In the churchyard we paused for a few minutes to read a tribute to British valour, inscribed on a slab of white marble, built into the wall encircling the cemetery. It commemorated the death of six grenadiers of the 83d regiment, who fell at a place adjacent called La Roque Plate, while endeavouring to repel a desperate descent of the French in 1781. Near this monument I noticed a small alms' box, inserted in the side of the wall facing the high road, surmounted by an adjuration, in the local dialect, to remember the poor. A similar receptacle for charitable donations may be seen at the gate of the principal church at St Helier. Were it not for these indications of the existence of pauperism, a stranger would be apt to conclude that absolute mendicancy is unknown in Jersey, for I did not meet with a beggar during my sojourn in the island. A gentleman, who had the best means of ascertaining the truth of the statement, assured me, that in the parish of St Peter on the west coast, the

poor-rates for the bygone year had amounted only to fifteen pounds sterling. How happy ought that country to be which Heaven has at once exempted from the tyrannic domination of overweening wealth, and the moral degradation inseparable from a state of utter destitution!

The road leading directly from Grouville to St Helier runs parallel with the southern shore, among corn-fields, orchards, and hamlets, and is the best in the island. I had to travel it after sunset, and found myriads of toads hopping across it in every direction. These reptiles are extremely common in Jersey, while in the neighbouring island of Guernsey, if popular report may be credited, they are not only unknown, but cannot exist, though imported there from less favoured countries. Lizards and small snakes are also numerous in Jersey; and at nightfall a chorus of crickets resounds from every hedge. So shrill is the chirp of these tiny insects, that it might almost pass for the vesper note of some diminutive feathered songster.

The Jersey cattle are small, but, like the pigmy breed of the Scottish Highlands, their flesh is delicate, and their milk and butter rich. The butcher market at St Helier is supplied chiefly from France. There are sportsmen in Jersey as well as in other countries; but game is neither various nor abundant. The list, however, includes hares, rabbits, the Jersey partridge, a beautiful bird with pheasant-eyes, red legs, and variegated plumage, and several varieties of water-fowl.

In the latter days of the reign of Popery, Jersey formed part of the diocese of Coutances in Normandy, where the ancient records of the island were deposited; but at the reformation, in the reign of Elizabeth, it was attached to the see of Winchester—an annexation, however, merely nominal, for the island is in reality exempt from the dominion of the Church of England. The inhabitants are a well-disposed and peaceable race, but not particularly distinguished for enthusiasm in religion. The peasantry are orderly and industrious, the merchants enterprising, and the seamen, a numerous class, hardy and adventurous. The aggregate of the population live more after the French manner than the English—that is, they substitute fruit and vegetables in a great measure for animal food, and cider for ale. Neither men nor women are distinguished for personal beauty, though we noticed several very comely dames in our perambulations; and notwithstanding the boasted purity of their descent from the ocean roamers of the north, they have many of the anomalous features of a mixed race.\*

#### EENOOLOAPIK, THE ESQUIMAUX.

A SMALL work has been put into our hands, of a somewhat curious character. It is the history of an Esquimaux youth, who was brought to Britain in the year 1839, in the ship *Neptune* of Aberdeen, commanded by Captain Penny.\* It was hoped that the lad would be able to make some discoveries of importance to the whale fisheries. Captain Penny first met with Eenooloopik, as the Esquimaux was named, at Durban harbour, in Davis' Straits. "The proximity of Durban harbour to the residence of the Esquimaux, afforded Eenooloopik frequent opportunities of visiting the ships; and it may well be supposed that the equipment of the vessels, and the superiority of all their arrangements, would fill the inexperienced mind of the savage with sublime conceptions of the intelligence of the *Kudloonte* (white men). Every day of his intercourse with the fishermen added to the strength of this feeling; and so powerful did it at last become, that he resolved, should ever an opportunity occur, upon visiting the land of the white men (*Kudloonte noona*).

On several occasions, both in 1837 and 1838, he attempted to carry this resolution into effect, but the tears and entreaties of his mother prevailed, and diverted him from his purpose till the opportunities were past. However, he continued to cherish the determination of making a voyage to *Kudloonte noona*, and at last an unexpected circumstance afforded him the means of gratifying his wishes. While Captain Penny was, in 1839, engaged in making inquiries among the Esquimaux at Durban, regarding the situation of the inland sea in that quarter, and its eligibility for the purposes of the whale-fishery, he had occasion to examine Eenooloopik on the subject; and finding him familiar with the features of the country, he requested him to trace an outline of the coast. This, after he was made to comprehend the method and object of it, he performed with remarkable facility.

The knowledge which he displayed in the execution of this sketch, induced Captain Penny to invite him to Britain. An invitation so much in accordance with his own resolution, was without hesitation accepted; and his relations were immediately apprised of his determination.

October had now arrived, when all, save the rude denizens of the north, must leave those bleak, ice-bound shores; and Eenoo, having obtained the consent of his friends, was taken on board the *Neptune*, accompanied by a number of his tribe. The Esquimaux, with the exception of his mother, showed little emotion at parting with him. With her, however,

the case was far otherwise. Her first-born—now the chief guardian and support of her declining years—was about to visit a country and a clime far distant and unknown; to sojourn among a people whose language and manners he knew not; and the promise of a stranger was her only guarantee for his safety. Under such circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that maternal affection, implanted alike in the breast of the civilised and savage, should be displayed in all its power. Untrammelled by formal and frigid restraint, which oft-times checks the pure feelings of nature, and freezes the gushings of the holiest affections, this unsophisticated Esquimaux gave vent to her emotions in loud and prolonged bursts of wailing and tears. These expressions of her feelings lasted for some time, assuming various and somewhat extravagant phases, until at last, in accordance with the peculiar manners of her country on such occasions, she laid bare her bosom, and invited him by an appeal, which, though silent, was irresistible, to kiss the warm breast which in infancy had suckled him: such being the last tender testimony of affection, when the grave may prevent another meeting upon earth. At this touching scene, Eenoo's resolution had well-nigh deserted him; but in a moment he rallied: the settled purpose of his soul was not now to be subdued.

At this time Eenooloopik was about twenty years of age, and might be considered, in his physical aspect, a fair specimen of the Esquimaux race. But, as yet, his mental acquisitions were of a very limited description. Doomed hitherto to pass his days amid those dismal solitudes of snow, where all his energies were requisite to provide for the wants of the passing hour, and where mental cultivation is unknown, it was scarcely to be expected that he would manifest much knowledge beyond what he had gathered in his wanderings, or what had been forced upon him by daily experience. And, indeed, if we except his geographical information, there was little to recommend him to the notice of our countrymen; but that being observed to be considerable, it was deemed of importance to have a better opportunity of learning the extent of it, as it might not only be made available for the purposes of the whale-fishery, but also be of value in a scientific point of view. Hence, as before observed, the reason of his invitation to Britain.

During the homeward passage, every care was taken to instruct him in the usages of civilised society; and, aided by the faculty of imitation, which he possessed in a very high degree, he adopted the manners of those around him with astonishing facility. Every attention was bestowed to prevent his morals being contaminated by intercourse with the vicious; and this was the more necessary, as the first impressions made upon a mind emerging from the gloom of savage ignorance, were likely to be permanent. His docility and the mildness of his disposition soon rendered him a general favourite; and the kindness which he in consequence experienced, no doubt contributed largely to the favourable opinion which he formed regarding the *Kudloonte*. At first he was rather averse to the change of dress which it was necessary he should adopt; for though it might please the eye, and gratify his passion for embellishment, it was yet felt exceedingly inconvenient and irksome, and he would gladly have exchanged it for the loose furs to which he had been accustomed. He soon acquired habits of extreme personal cleanliness—a circumstance the more surprising, that the Esquimaux are generally very inattentive in that respect; but so complete was the revolution which his ideas underwent on this point of propriety, that in a short time he showed an inclination to be rather fastidious than negligent."

Eenoo, as he was usually called for brevity's sake, was first taken on shore at Castle Mey in Caithness, and afterwards, on attempting to make for Aberdeen, the *Neptune* was carried into the Firth of Forth by stress of weather. An incident worth relating occurred at this period. The Sovereign steam-ship was lying in the Firth, and Eenoo was carried on board of it. "One of the passengers, not calculating upon Eenoo's keen sense of truth and right, and wishing to afford himself and others some amusement, by a very bad practical joke, at the expense of the untutored Esquimaux, took from his neck a gold watch-chain, and threw it around that of Eenoo, who, somewhat surprised at the munificence of the stranger, asked if he meant to bestow it upon him. Being assured of this, he walked away, taking no further notice of the matter, till the gentleman, becoming concerned for the safety of his property, began to insist for its return. To this, however, Eenoo objected, saying, 'You give me to take from me—not good—*Innit* (the Esquimaux) no do that: 'thus reading the gentleman a lecture in moral philosophy which he was not prepared to expect from such a quarter. Eenoo's firm refusal to deliver up the prize, caused considerable merriment among the rest of the passengers, and he persisted in retaining it until the interposition of Captain Penny procured its immediate restoration."

On reaching Aberdeen, Eenoo was "transferred from the *Neptune* to the more comfortable accommodation of a town residence; and the same facility of comprehension was displayed by him in reference to every thing to which he was introduced. Shortly after his arrival, he was invited to a dinner-party, given expressly for the purpose of ascertaining how he would conduct himself amongst the higher and more fashionable circles of society, before an opportunity

\* The Narrative has been drawn up by Mr Alexander MacDonald. Edinburgh: Fraser and Co., and J. Hogg.



had been afforded him of becoming acquainted with the forms which are there observed. On this occasion every thing was exhibited which was likely to astonish him, and elicit the latent feelings of delight which must unquestionably have possessed his soul. So far from being in the slightest degree confused, he acquitted himself in a manner which surprised every one present. The faculty of imitation, which, as we have before noticed, he possessed in a high state of development, enabled him to copy the manners of those around him with such promptitude and precision, that it would have been difficult for one unacquainted with the fact to have believed that he had been accustomed to move in a different sphere of life. The smile, the bow, and even the slightest gesture, he imitated with the most minute correctness. He expressed no astonishment at any thing which occurred, until the table was exposed on the removal of the cloth; when, struck by its extent and beauty, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and set about examining its structure and qualities."

It was amazing to observe the readiness with which Eneoo picked up other habits of civilised life during his stay at Aberdeen. He mastered the alphabet with great readiness, but did not carry his literary acquirements beyond mere reading and writing. "He had evidently no relish for such pursuits, for he could not perceive any advantage which would afterwards accrue to him from the knowledge of letters. It was chiefly by this prospective principle that he was guided in every thing which he set about learning or acquiring. If he did not see that the subject of study or acquisition would be of future utility, he could not be persuaded to bestow attention upon it. When any toy accidentally came into his possession, he would examine it with great curiosity and care; but after discovering that none of the practical purposes of life, so far as known to him, could be served by it, it was soon thrown aside as useless. On the other hand, if he got any thing which he judged might afterwards be turned to account in his own simple avocations at home, he hoarded it up with the greatest eagerness."

A lengthened and dangerous illness attacked Eneoo, and rendered Captain Penny anxious to get him safely home. Accordingly, he took his departure, in April 1840, in the whale-ship *Bon Accord*, to which Captain Penny had been appointed. After a hazardous voyage, the *Bon Accord* reached Eneoo's native country. "The whole inhabitants, men, women, and children, were speedily on board the ships, and the presence of Eneoo's people rendered the *Bon Accord* a centre of attraction. We were first visited by the male part of the population in their canoes, then came the *comiak* containing the women and children, under the guidance of an old man; and a most active and noisy traffic immediately ensued. They were all aware of Eneoo having been to Britain, and they crowded round him to learn the particulars of his voyage. In relating some of his adventures, he chiefly addressed himself to Coonook, the adopted daughter of Aaniapik, the old man mentioned before as guiding the *comiak*. The features of this girl were naturally of a pleasant cast, and on this occasion they were more than ordinarily attractive. Since coming on board, her face had been washed, her jet black hair combed, braided, and decorated with ribands; and, in short, she displayed such a profusion of charms as immediately won the regard of Eneoo. It soon became evident, from his behaviour towards her, that she was acquiring a powerful influence over him; and had any doubt remained upon the subject, it would have been dispelled by seeing the severe rubbing of noses which took place between them—such being the manner in which the Esquimaux testify their affection towards each other. This was followed by a request, on the part of Eneoo, that I would immediately marry them, all the same as the *Kudlooinie*. Not having, however, taken holy orders, I declined officiating on the present occasion. Eneoo, love-sick as he was, did not at that account resign himself to despair, for many long conferences might be seen taking place between him and Aaniapik, the result of which was, that, provided Captain Penny consented, Eneoo was to give his green painted canoe for the beautiful Coonook, and this canoe was to become the property of Aaniapik's youngest son, he himself being unable from the infirmities of age to manage it. Captain Penny being at the time engaged with other more important matters, the circumstance passed over without his attention."

It may be remarked, that this affords an illustration of the Esquimaux ceremonial of marriage. Presents are offered to the parents of the lady, and, if accepted, the matter is considered as settled. These contracts are sometimes entered into at a very early age; but it would seem that, on arriving at maturity, the parties may break the engagements under certain circumstances. Coonook had been betrothed to another when a child, but the importance which Eneoo's people had acquired by his visit to Britain, was considered sufficient to nullify any previous engagement."

This attachment helped to confirm Eneoo in the desire, which he had all along displayed, to return to his old way of life. When he parted with the crew of the *Bon Accord*, he exhibited not the slightest emotion. Obtuseness of feeling appears, indeed, to be one of the most striking characteristics of the Esquimaux race. "He met his relations and native acquaintances, and parted with us, without the slightest emotion. Yet he had evinced many commendable qualities, and, on the whole, had much that was amiable about him;

and, perhaps, had his intercourse with society, where the higher sentiments are cultivated, been of longer duration, this apathetic disposition might have been modified. It is pleasing to think, that in visiting this country, he has learned nothing that will tend to degrade him. On the contrary, we may hope that his residence among us may have imbued his mind with some noble principles, which may tend to soften the remaining barbarity of his nature, and, in the evolution of Time's dark mysteries, become subservient to the good of the hyperborean races. Under the influence of these bright hopes, we bid him farewell."

A likeness of Eneoo is prefixed to the work from which we have made these extracts. It gives us a very favourable idea of the Esquimaux countenance, when set off by a little British cleanliness. A specimen is also given of Eneoo's handwriting, which is wonderfully good, considering his opportunities. Altogether, Mr Macdonald's little work is a very pleasing one, and we gladly recommend it to public notice. The charts and tables which accompany it, will render it also a very useful production to those concerned in the northern whale-fisheries.

#### AN INLAND TOWNSHIP OF UPPER CANADA.

A LETTER from the same Canadian emigrant, James Lambert, to whose condition and history we have already adverted on two former occasions, enables us to lay before our readers some little account of an interior village of Upper Canada, and of the position in which its inhabitants are placed with respect to the necessities and conveniences of life. We believe that persons of the more respectable class, and particularly the female portion of them, who propose to emigrate to the inland districts of Upper Canada, entertain many anxious fears lest the social and domestic comforts attainable in the wilds of the far west, should be of too poor a description to be endurable by those who have long enjoyed all the luxuries of life in Britain. Our present communication from James Lambert will be found to bear upon this subject, and will accordingly, we imagine, prove of some interest.

James Lambert has been settled, for fully twenty years, in the township of London, which is situated in the county of Middlesex, in the western section of Upper Canada. The town or village of London, from which Lambert's farm is distant about eight miles, lies on the River Thames, a fine large stream, which, after a course of about 150 miles, discharges itself into Lake St Clair. The town occupies an extended level nook of land, formed by the junction of a tributary stream with the main river. To the north of London lies the broad tract of land, partly improved and partly covered with wood, called the township, which is twelve miles square, and is divided into sixteen strips of territory, each four rods in width, and running from east to west. These strips are called *concessions*, and are divided into lots of 800 acres each, by lines crossing them from north to south. The agriculturists of the district are settled upon these lots, possessing one or more, or a portion of one, according to their means. Good broad roads traverse each concession, and are joined by side roads from various directions.

Such is the position and arrangement of the township of London, which has been ever admitted to be one of the finest portions of Upper Canada, the land being rich, the streams numerous, and the climate excellent. Settled there, the emigrants enjoy also the advantages of the centre town of London, a place now containing three or four thousand inhabitants, and which James Lambert thus describes:—"London, according to the plan, covers about a mile square, but this is only in part built up. There are several perfect and fine streets, however, very broad and commodious. There is no pavement laid down, but foot-paths run along each side, and the whole is kept dry by gutters and sunk drains. They are always in good passable condition, as indeed all our roads here are. The houses are almost all built of wood, and strongly framed. Many of them are three and four storeys in height, and they look very fine, being all handsomely painted on the outside. A few habitations are made of brick. In the inside, they are divided just as in the old country, and all lathed and plastered, over which are one or more good coats of paint. There are very few chimneys, most of the houses being now heated with stoves, which prove a very great comfort in winter. The most of the under-flats are occupied as shops, among which are plenty of taverns. These places of business are elegantly furnished, and supplied with goods of all kinds, not inferior to or differing from those of the old country."

We have six handsome churches in London, one Presbyterian, one Independent Presbyterian, one Catholic, one Episcopal, and two Methodist meeting-houses. London has also a very fine court-house, and good substantial jail. These are the chief public buildings. There are several small rural churches in the township, for the greater convenience of the agriculturists.

The people in the town of London dress pretty much as they do in the old country. The agricultural population usually dress in a garb of coarse, strong brown cloth, fitter for use than show; but almost every one has a holiday suit of superfine, or at least good cloth. With regard to business, I should say that more was done in London in one day, than in P— (a rural Scottish town, of about two

thousand inhabitants) in a month. The streets of the town, and the roads even of the township, are so crowded with passengers, horsemen, and vehicles, that a person is in some danger of being trodden down, without a degree of caution. Indeed, this is so much the case, that it is made compulsory by authority to hang bells on the horses' necks. We have all plenty to eat and drink here. Every kind of produce is remarkably cheap; the bushel of wheat being only two shillings of your money, and oats sixpence. This is in some respects an immense advantage, and in other respects not so. We can scarcely get the money mentioned for our grain. There is little money in the country, and indeed it is impossible that the case should be otherwise, unless we can find a vent for our produce. The comfort is, that, as the country stands at present, we have plenty to ourselves. In truth, we must long have so, for we have a beautiful country, capable of any improvement, and of raising great abundance of the necessities of life. By the time the condition of the population demands it, we may have a sufficient outlet for our agricultural commodities."

With this exception—that is, the scarcity of money arising from our produce having no sufficient vent, while we require many articles of foreign production—all kinds of trade do well in our township. For example, there are two tanners in London. Both of them are substantial rich men. The practice with them is, to sell or exchange sides or half-sides of tanned leather for the raw skins brought to them by the agriculturists. The country is so far in a primitive state, that exchange is compulsory to a considerable extent. Bark, we may add, is got by tanners for a mere trifle. They sell sole leather for 1s. 3d., neat's leather for 2s., and calf for 4s., a-pound, prices not very greatly different from those of the old country."

I have said nothing as yet about our late rebellion. It appeared to me to be neither more nor less than the doing of a few disappointed men. They had deceived themselves with the idea that the whole country would follow their example when they took up arms. They had miscalculated both their own influence and the feeling of the country. One unfortunate issue was, that many lives were lost."

James Lambert, it must here be observed, though we do not quarrel with his love for peace, is now in that condition when all changes of a violent kind become specially obnoxious. By his industry, he has so assured the welfare of his family, that they are shooting up into affluence around him, and increasing in numbers, like the tribes of the patriarchs of old. He is one who merits all he enjoys."

A word further on the price of land in Upper Canada at this period. As has been mentioned, the county of Middlesex, and indeed the whole western section, is believed to contain land inferior to none in Upper Canada. James Lambert writes that he has recently purchased a new lot of land, on the 8th Concession, amounting to one hundred acres, forty of which are improved, or divested of wood, and perfectly cultivable. For these 100 acres, he is to pay 800 dollars, in three yearly instalments. This is at the rate, then, of eight dollars an acre, taking improved and unimproved land together—a rate which shows the value of land to be advancing. The increasing prosperity of the country, and augmenting population, could not be displayed in a more satisfactory way."

#### THE FRIEND OF THE MAN OF LETTERS.

ONE of the most assiduous of the young *litterateurs* of Paris, whom we shall distinguish by the name of Constantine, went one day to dine, according to custom, at the Café de Paris. There he received a surprise in meeting one of his oldest friends, Frederick de Flaviigny, who had been absent from Paris for some years.

"I have often thought of you," said Frederick to his literary friend; "and how could it be otherwise, when your name has been so frequently brought before me, with honourable distinction, in every journal and review of the day! Last month, I read your new romance with delight. Ah," continued he, glancing at the handsome dinner array which he had found Constantine seated before, "I am delighted to see that, in your case, profit goes along with fame. You live well, you celebrated men of letters." "Live well!" cried Constantine; "alas! pity me, my friend. This good cheer does me injury. I detest champagne; but I am not allowed to make a modest repast. My imagination requires to be excited by luxurious stimulants, and I sacrifice the health of the body to the exigencies of the mind. You know not how dearly we purchase celebrity. Our condition is a miserable one." As he spoke thus, the man of letters rose to depart, and called a cabriolet. "What!" exclaimed Frederick, "a cabriolet on such an exquisite day as this! This is indeed luxury." "Luxury!" returned the other; "how little you know of the matter! The truth is, that I cannot afford to walk; I am too poor. Books, journals, reviews, and theatres, demand so much of my time, that it would be an absurd want of economy to permit myself to indulge in walking. Ah, you know nothing of the case, my friend!"

Next day, Frederick called upon his distinguished friend, and found him so magnificently lodged, as to feel impelled to pay him a compliment on the subject. "Alas!" cried the other, dolefully, "I am compelled to inhabit this gilded cage—I, whose tastes are so



simple. But reviewers, editors, actors, artists—all of them pour in upon me, and I must endure this luxury for the sake of appearances. And then, look at my engagements for the evening!—operas, concerts, assemblies—at all of them I must present myself for a few moments. I must be there, both to be able to describe them, and to gather materials, from the study of the great world, for future delineations of men and manners in my writings."

Whatever affectation lay under all this, it was not visible to Frederick, who was an ingenuous youth, and was led to pity his friend most sincerely. His attachment to Constantine grew stronger daily. The man of letters, meanwhile, drew upon Frederick for such aid as the other could afford him. Every evening, on his coming home from ball or assembly, Frederick was subjected to a lengthened interrogation by the man of letters. "You are new to the world," said Constantine; "your impressions are lively and interesting, and will serve me for future pictures." "But I can really tell you nothing," Frederick said on one occasion; "I went only to amuse myself." "Go to a ball to amuse yourself?" cried the other; "what an idea!" "I am not a writer—not a note-taker," said Frederick. "But are you not my friend, and am not I a writer?" answered Constantine. Frederick apologised, and promised to keep his eyes more on the alert in future, for friendship's sake. "Well," said Constantine, "we shall go to-morrow night to a ball, where you will meet the Baroness B—, a woman of forty, but most captivating and talented. She is full of curious anecdotes, but she is on her guard with me. You, if you pay court to her, may extract a fund of rich materials for me. But you must be ardent and passionate in your attentions." "Ardent—passionate!" cried Frederick, somewhat blankly; "and to a woman of forty! I cannot do this, my friend. Besides, I would not for the world be unfaithful to—my Clementine."

This was a new point in the revelations between the friends. On being pressed on the subject, Frederick confessed that he had been long attached to a certain fair one, named Clementine, who had been brought up in the country with him. She had been forced by her parents to wed a rich old man, he said; but was now a widow, and was coming, ere long, to Paris. "And you will then marry her?" said Constantine. "It is my dearest wish," answered Frederick; "our loves have been a complete romance." "A romance!" cried the author. The word fired him, and he pressed Frederick to reveal the whole particulars. The ingenuous lover did so, and moreover showed the letters which had passed between Clementine and himself. Constantine expressed great delight with these effusions, and begged to be allowed to take them away, for the sake of a more leisurely perusal. His friend consented to the request.

Fifteen days afterwards, Frederick was shocked by seeing his whole love-story, with the correspondence word for word, in a popular journal, under the title of "A First Love." The contribution was signed *Constantine!*

The young man exclaimed most loudly against this abuse of confidence. "Pardon me, my friend," said the man of letters, "but the temptation was too great. Truth and sincerity are so valuable, one cannot meet with such pictures every day." The easy Frederick was at last induced to forgive the breach of faith, but, in a few weeks afterwards, he received a letter from Clementine, who had seen the journal in question. "Your indiscreet and unmanly conduct shows that you do not love me," wrote the lady; "all is over between us." In great distress, Frederick ran to the man of letters. "See what you have done!" cried he. "Console yourself," said the other, "I know the heart of woman. Clementine will forget and forgive all, and so you will see, by the time you again meet her." The youth again allowed himself to be soothed by such assurances, for the distinguished litterateur had acquired a complete ascendancy over his mind.

In despite of his own feelings, Frederick was, moreover, prevailed upon to pay court to the baroness. Being a handsome and admired youth, he rose into high favour with the lady, and the result was, that the periodical pages of the day were enriched with a variety of anecdotes of the most piquant kind, greatly, no doubt, to the profit of the man of letters. Frederick was also persuaded by his "friend" to mix among the lower orders of the people, in their hours of amusement. "Go to such and such a place (the litterateur would say). There is a ticket; I am sorry that I am myself otherwise engaged, but you will have a fine opportunity of observing the manners of the people." Frederick went, and got into more than one scrape in consequence. But the "manners of the people" were painted vividly afterwards by the litterateur. Frederick had no turn for gambling, but he was urged and induced by his distinguished literary friend to try his fortune more than once. On one particular occasion, he lost several thousand francs. "Oh! it was an admirable scene," cried Constantine, as the two came away; "the clever rascals!" "Of whom speak you?" said Frederick—"of my opponents! Are they sharper?" "To be sure." "And did you know them all along to be so?" "Of course I did; every body knows them," said the litterateur, coolly. "And I have lost so much money!" cried Frederick. "But then, think of my new drama," answered Constantine; "my hero loses his fortune at play. I wished to observe their tricks, and I have had a glorious opportunity." "I wish you had bought the lesson at your own expense,"

said Frederick, very tartly. "My dear fellow, how absurd! I could not both play and look on with a watchful eye," answered the litterateur; "but I will make up for your loss. I will dedicate my play to you."

Some time afterwards, Constantine engaged his friend in a quarrel with a very noted and dangerous bravo. Frederick acquitted himself well, and came off with a slight wound in the sword-arm. "There is no great harm done," said the sufferer, after the conflict; "but it seems to me, my dear Constantine, that you might have easily arranged the matter without coming to the extreme trial—the second of my adversary appeared to be anxious for it." "That is true," replied the man of letters; "but then I had never seen a duel, and I was dying to witness one. These things occur so often in the drama, romance, and feuilleton! Your experiences will yield an admirable description, when necessary."

Little harm being done, the simple Frederick, after a grumble, forgot all. He had recovered from his wound, when Constantine appeared before him one morning.

"I have just finished my drama," said the man of letters; "it will be performed immediately, and the rehearsals will keep me occupied for some time. Meanwhile, what am I to do about my new romance? I have promised to the publisher to let him have it in two months, and a particular description of Dresden is required to make it perfect. The bargain is made, and I cannot recede from it. I am in a dilemma—or rather I should be in one, if I had not you, my dear friend, to look to and depend upon." "What do you mean?" said Frederick; "explain yourself." "My dear Frederick," returned the author, "all the descriptions of Dresden which I have consulted are lame and imperfect. A journey to the place is indispensable; I cannot complete my work without having either seen it personally, or seen it through you." "Through me!" cried Frederick; "can you propose to me to take such a journey, and in mid-winter, my good fellow?" "Ah!" said Constantine, "we have no choice of seasons. Besides, what is the difference between winter and summer, when a city is concerned?"

To be brief, Frederick allowed himself to yield once more to the wishes of his literary friend, and went to Dresden, whence he sent materials for the completion of the important romance. On his return, Frederick found Clementine in Paris. By dint of prayers, protestations, and explanations, he regained his place in the good graces of his lovely cousin. The gate which had been long closed upon him, opened at last. Happiness sparkled on the horizon of the future, and all was hope and joy. Such was the state of things as regarded the young lover, when, one morning, Clementine paid a sudden and unexpected visit to him. The countenance of the fair young widow was flushed, and her eye gleamed with angry excitement. She poured forth upon her lover, in the first instance, a torrent of broken but vehement reproaches. Finally, she threw upon his table a small packet of notes from the Baroness B—, and a miniature of the same lady, which had been sent with one of them.

Frederick was so confounded on the occasion, that he could not utter a single word. "We part for ever, sir!" cried Clementine; "we have seen each other for the last time!" And she disappeared ere Frederick could summon presence of mind to stop her, or proffer explanations.

The young man remained for a time in a perfect maze of surprise and dismay. The letters now before him, which contained little of importance after all, but enough to arouse suspicion and anger in a jealous mistress, had been carefully locked up, along with the portrait, in a secret drawer in his escritoire. That repository must have been broken open. "Who can have done this infamous act?" cried the young man, in an agony of wrath and distress.

"I!" cried Constantine, bursting from a side apartment. "I did it! I have been here all the time—I have witnessed the whole of this splendid scene! Oh, my dear friend, what a deal of trouble I have had in making arrangements for this collision, so essential to my romance! The real and sincere reproaches of a deceived woman—what a precious morsel to a writer! But now I shall make your peace, and you shall be married. Yes, you shall! It is necessary for another chapter, which I wish to write after nature."

Frederick, who had borne so much, had great difficulty, at this moment, in restraining his passion, and preventing himself from annihilating on the spot his friend, the "man of letters." "Go!" said he, at length, with suppressed wrath, "you who have put me to trials so cruel—go, and never let me look upon your face again. I renounce your friendship. Go instantly, if you would go in life!" "Ah! how men of letters are misunderstood! what a wretched condition of life!" cried Constantine, as with all haste he removed from the presence of the wrathful victim of his professional enthusiasm.

By explaining the way in which the man of letters had induced him to pay court to a woman for whom he had not the slightest regard, Frederick again contrived to make his peace with Clementine, and was rendered happy. But, through life, an introduction to any one connected with the world of literature, was enough to make him shrink, like a snail (to use a humble simile), when its horns have been touched by some idle schoolboy.

[Society in Paris is in a state so strangely factitious

and conventional, arising in part from the intensely and intrinsically artificial character of the people, that we can readily believe the above sketch, translated from a recent feuilleton of the *Courrier Français*, to be but slightly exaggerated from real life. An immense number of young persons support themselves there by contributions to the periodical literature of the day. Almost all of the diurnal newspapers of the capital give a story in each number; and we may therefore guess to what an extent those who supply them must rack their brains for novelty.]

#### PASSAGES FROM A LECTURE ON SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

In a lecture on mental improvement, delivered last November at Tunbridge Wells, by Mr W. F. Barlow, and lately issued in the form of a pamphlet, we find the following striking and justly-conceived passages, which we think will not be thrown away on those who duly estimate the important object which the lecture was intended to enforce:—

"Observe and think; be not the passive representations merely of others' thoughts; resemble not the paper on which are impressed the letters it has no hand in forming. Those who have been great discoverers, have left the beaten track, and cut out paths for themselves; the faculties by which they have brought truth to light, have also taught them what was true. I need hardly say that, in studying a subject, the best authors should be read, lest errors be fallen into, and no instruction gleaned commensurate with the labour employed in seeking it. Reflect diligently on all you may peruse, crediting nothing before you have well examined it, and habituate yourselves to separate the false from the true. The force of thought is much increased by exercise; and if you will accustom yourselves to contemplation, you will find her invested with a charm you once never suspected her to have. The longer you know her, the more attractive she will become; her invention will be ever preparing for you a new feast. 'Those who have read of every thing,' says Locke, 'are thought to understand every thing too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours.' If you would ponder deeply, peruse attentively the works of profound thinkers; by this means your reasoning faculties will be much strengthened, and fitted to cope with subjects they might once almost fruitlessly have tried to master."

In selecting a topic for inquiry and contemplation, take into consideration the nature of your understanding, and be directed, if you would arrive at excellence, by your preponderating faculties. Not that you are to cultivate these exclusively, to the neglect of others; but that you may bring your characteristic ability more especially into action. Nothing fetters the mind so greatly as an uncongenial pursuit; which is too often the occasion of want of success, that, under other and more favourable circumstances, would have been easily obtained.

Nor let the mind fix its attention on too many pursuits at once, lest nothing worth knowing be gained in any. Look at the history of the eminent, and you will find how untiringly they have concentrated their energies on one pursuit. At the same time, attend to those divisions of knowledge, either intimately interwoven with, or more distantly related to that which may occupy your inquiry; for the sciences, though arbitrarily separated for the sake of study, are in reality mutually connected. Like different branches of the same tree, they may be contemplated individually, but should, if we would appreciate the value of each of them, be regarded as a whole. Their peculiarities may be investigated singly; but their united effect must not be overlooked. Persons too often commit the fault of adding themselves too exclusively to their occupation. The members of all professions and callings should devote some portion of their time to general literature. There are those who know scarcely any thing out of their professions, and but little in them, and yet most infelicitously boast of devoting themselves entirely to a sole object; that object being sometimes the one they seem at first sight to have studied least. A further acquaintance, however, soon convinces us that they are better informed on that topic than on any other. How eminently do they contrast with those who unite literary attainments to a profound and extensive knowledge of the subject, which, beyond every other, they have found it their duty and interest to investigate!"

Next, as to the value of perseverance—"I have mentioned reading, conversation, observation, thought, as modes of obtaining knowledge; to these industry must be added, for this is indispensable. Diligence amplifies the capacity, and increases the stores of ordinary minds, as to compensate in great measure for brilliant parts; and without toil, genius itself would often be more comparable to the meteor, whose blaze, though effulgent, is but momentary, than to a light from which permanently emanate the rays of knowledge. You fail in measuring the force of your understandings before you have severely exercised them. To reject a pursuit because it is not mastered with the rapidity of intuition, is to be culpably irresolute. No work of magnitude can be achieved without great labour. You must climb up the steep heights



of science, if you would penetrate the secrets of her abode. We cannot ascertain the extent to which we may expand our faculties; and, doubtless, the poet has often wondered at the creations of his muse, the philosopher at the greatness of the principles he has unfolded, and the orator at those bursts of eloquence which have at one time excited the passions, and at another calmed the tumult of the mind, have forced conviction on unwilling ears, and struck with wonder an admiring audience.

Few may be enriched with genius, but industry may be the quality of all. Nor think, in devoting yourselves to intellectual pursuits, that you are engaging in a toil which will be irksome; for what can equal the delight and enthusiasm with which those pursue the various kinds of knowledge in which they may excel! So addicted have some been to their favourite study, that, to the last moment of their existence, they seem to have clung to it with a parent's fondness. It is related, that the dissolution of Mozart was hastened by his labouring assiduously when his frame was in no condition to allow of toil. Shortly before his death, he is said to have exclaimed, 'Now I begin to see what might be done in music!'

None should be discouraged, by untoward circumstances, from exerting faculties which may eventually raise them to unexpected heights. From conditions of life, in which those who fill them are generally as unassuming as they are scantily informed, men of genius have arisen; and oft have they been nursed in the cradle of obscurity. Conscious of their great powers, and happy in their exercise, they have defeated every difficulty, and, if they have been unrewarded by riches, they have been smiled upon by fame. 'The genius of Shakespeare,' observes Johnson, 'was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned. The incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind 'as dew-drops from a lion's mane.' Intellectual greatness confers a satisfaction on its possessor, independent of present approbation and reward.

Foster a diligent spirit of inquiry, for this is the fountain of invention; and you will find in those natural phenomena, which you have hitherto slighted, the fertile materials of profit and delight. \* \* \* The investigation of nature may be imagined an unworthy and trifling inquiry, by those who are too lazy to follow it, or whose understandings either fail entirely to comprehend, or perversely refuse to admit its value; but the thinking man is struck with the rank, the utility, the numberless advantages of the pursuit. Suppose for a moment that it had never been instituted, what would have been our condition? Where would have been the improvements of which those avail themselves who never reflect upon their authors, and the names of whom they are incurious to learn? Enough for them to compliment the inventor, by enjoying the invention. But men, surrounded with all the necessities and advantages of physical inquiry, have impudently presumed to undervalue it; nor have some who have professed the warmest adherence to a religion which tells us, in no ambiguous phraseology, that without charity all else is worthless, refrained from accusing philosophers with presumption—an accusation which they have refuted by the tenor of their lives. It is an arrogant and an unfounded charge, which none but the weakest and most ignorant of men would for a moment listen to. The tendency of the inquiry has also been discussed; but if they who are unfolding those marvellous contrivances, which cannot but diffuse the most exalted notions of exhaustless ingenuity and wisdom, be asked the question, 'Are you not building a resort for infidelity?' they can answer, 'No! we are erecting a temple in which the Deity must be worshipped.' The more we survey the phenomena around us, of whatever kind they may be, the more shall we be convinced, not only that there is an Omnipotent, but an anxiously Benevolent Creator. They make this impression upon me when I view them; and the ravings of fanaticism shall not lessen its intensity. The world is a mirror which reflects its Maker, and the incense of nature ascends to heaven, a grateful offering to the God of all things. Innumerable are the wonders of his workmanship, and the proofs of his beneficence—

\* Innumerable as the stars of night,  
Or stars of morning, dew-drops which the sun  
Imparts on every leaf, and every flower.'

But reverse the picture, and behold the consequences of that ignorance, which cannot admit that, in admiring the design, we are paying homage to the designer. Remark its unqualified condemnations of what it cannot comprehend, its inability to be impressed with the simplest truths, and its professed insight into the obscurest mysteries. How well does Professor Sedgwick exclaim of those who have cast blame upon one of the noblest departments of science, without understanding the subject of their censure—'Before a geologist can condescend to reason with such men, let them first learn geology.' The intellect may be used dishonestly; it is dishonest to ridicule a theory without examination, or to deny the existence of phenomena without inquiring into the possibility of their event; and this dishonesty is most common among those who, being shallow and superficial, would have the reputation of being witty and acute. Let not your minds be influenced by the voice of those who, by rejecting every thing as incredible, which does not nicely tally with their construction of the

sacred writings, would retard the march of physical inquiry. The fact which can be demonstrated must be true; the evidence of our senses cannot be rejected; the appeals of our reason cannot but be heard. Shall the ear misinterpret the sound which it hears, and the eye discolour the objects which it looks on? With what force and beauty does Lord Bacon say, that 'the essential form of knowledge is nothing but a representation of truth; for the truth of being, and the truth of knowing, are one, differing no more than the direct beam and the beam reflected.'

In every investigation, be actuated by a love of truth; to truth swear an allegiance, and deem it too sacred to be broken; confess her where she is present, and seek for her where she has not yet been found: neglect her, and the results of your industry will be nothing worth; deformed either by some despicable prejudice or unworthy motive, they will disgrace their parent. Truth is the exposé of every thing that is vile, the beautifier and companion of all that is excellent; in triumph she is not elated, and in adversity she is not depressed; she has more firmness than any thing, for she has most reason to be firm—more hope than any thing, for she deserves the most. Without her, there can be no real religion, no pure morality, no certain science. She appears the brighter by the side of error, as the rose looks the lovelier when it blooms near some poisonous and lurid weed. Compare her with hypocrisy, and decide between them: truth is what she seems to be, and never deceives us with the semblance of virtue; hypocrisy assumes an air of piety, and professes the warmest attachment to right, that she may violate it, when it suits her purpose, with the more impunity: truth acts in uniformity with the sentiments she avows; hypocrisy is frequently as harsh in deed as she is bland and conciliatory in expression: hypocrisy adulates your very failings whilst she is your friend, and speaks of them with virulence when she becomes your enemy; truth has the candour to tell you of your faults, and, loving perfection, longs to see you perfect: truth warns you of your danger, and indicates the coming storm; hypocrisy lures you with a calm in which destruction slumbers—she spares no pains to ruin you, and sheds no tears for your fall. Truth is progressive, and we should live together as her subjects, and pay the most implicit obedience to her sway; her empire is illimitable, and her reign immortal; she has been cast into the flames of bigotry and tyranny, and come out unhurt.

And now I must conclude these imperfect observations, entreating you, at parting, to do justice to your faculties. So cultivate your mental powers that you may be led from the sensual to the intellectual, from the fleeting to the permanent, from the fallacious to the true; and not only exercise those high faculties by which you will approach closer to the wisest, but expand also those generous sentiments by which you will be drawn nearer to the best, and which will unite you with the tie of benevolence to your fellow-beings."

#### STORY OF FISHER WILLIE.

##### A TRADITION OF FIFE.

THE Castle of Dreel is a place well known to all who have traversed the coasts of the county of Fife. Its ruins overhang the harbour of Easter Anstruther, at a point precisely opposite to the church of Wester Anstruther, and they show it to have been a fortalice, or baronial keep, of no slight strength. Its eyrie-like position on the rocky edge of the deep, would of course add greatly to its security. In long-past days, the Castle of Dreel was the dwelling-place of the Anstruthers of that ilk, the seigniorial lords of the district around; and people even at the present day hold in particular remembrance one of the early barons of this family, named by tradition *Fisher Willie*, who flourished in the reign of Robert III., at the beginning of the fifteenth century. He is said to have been devotedly partial to the more adventurous scenes at least of the fisherman's life, and to have accompanied his fishing dependants and neighbours on their excursions, in all seasons of peculiar peril, acting always as keenly and warmly as if he had been by profession a hunter of the creatures of the ocean. It was not always, moreover, that the fishermen of the Forth-mouth, in those days, had leave to follow their trade in peace—their national enemies beyond Berwick, as well as their hostile neighbours nearer home, being apt frequently to intrude upon their proceedings; and *Fisher Willie* knew no higher glory than to head his vassals and friends in the hand-to-hand contests which sometimes agitated the surface of the firth from such causes, and on such occasions.

Sir William Anstruther (for *Fisher Willie* was a belted knight, and one, too, of no carpet kind) was scarcely past the prime of life at the time when we would introduce him to the reader. He had two children, a son and a daughter, the former of whom had been at the court of King Robert almost from boyhood; while the fair Margaret dwelt with her sire in the Castle of Dreel, and by her attention to the comforts of the rough but generous-hearted knight, made up to him for the early loss of her mother. This flower of the household was one day summoned hastily to his presence—a command which she no sooner received than she hastened to obey it. She presented, in figure and aspect, such a contrast to the fisher-baron, that it might have been difficult for a

stranger to believe that she bore so near a relationship to him as that of a child to a father. Sir William was of a tall and powerful frame, and looked like one who had braved many a blast by sea and land; while his daughter, though not deficient in height, was cast in a mould of exceeding slenderness, heightened in its fairy-like effect by her light hair and complexion, and pure blue eyes. This gentle apparition entered the private apartment of the stout knight somewhat hastily, as if she knew her summoner to be imperious, though kind.

Sir William had a paper in his hands at her entrance. He lifted his eyes quickly, and seemed about to speak to her regarding it, but on casting a glance at her countenance, he dropped the paper again on his knee, and was silent a moment. A frown gathered on his brow.

"By my honour, Meg," said he, harshly, "you have been again in tears! What! have I disturbed your tender sorrows! I told you to have done with this, girl, and I looked to be obeyed."

"Father, dear father!" answered the young lady, to whose eye the tear had now indeed started, "I ever endeavour to obey you."

"Endeavour!" said the knight with additional ill humour; "doubtless you have been sitting moping in your chamber, pining against the tyranny of your father. Why, girl, if you were true blood of mine, your very flesh would shrink at the approach of a Home, though you knew him not." Sir William was silent for a minute, and then proceeded a little more mildly. "All this comes of my own folly in letting you go to the court, though it was but for a month or two. Your silly brother would have it so, and I am rewarded by getting back a changeling in place of my own good Meg."

"No, dearest father," replied the daughter, encouraged to throw her arms around his neck, and press her lips to his brow, "I am unchanged, at least in love and respect for you. Only I knew not—till he followed me hither, and was seen by you—that you had an aversion to Patrick Home and his house."

"Aversion, truly! a gentle word!" returned the knight; "and you knew not of this aversion! Could not any old dame, within fifty miles of us, have told you how my grandfather was killed on the firth by these Homes and their border marauders?"

"Indeed, I knew nought of all this, dear father," said Margaret; "but, knowing your feelings and wishes now, I strive to yield them all due obedience."

"Well, well," answered the knight, clearing up his brow, "be dutiful, Meg, and be cheerful. And now," continued he, "to other gear. Here is somewhat concerns you of a different sort. To your tiring-maid, Meg, and bid her see to her office. Look you here!" Sir William then showed his daughter an invitation which had come to them, clerically worded, from their neighbour the Laird of Thirdpart, who let them know that he would hold himself highly honoured by their presence on the morrow, at his "poor house of Thirdpart." The language of the invitation was respectful and courteous in the extreme. "Now, this is well," said the baron to his daughter, after they had perused the paper; "I scarce thought our neighbour had manliness enough to forget the rebukes I was forced to give him, both about his presumption in respect to thee, Meg, and his attempts to make himself the king of the walk here. But I am glad to see that he can stomach his ire in a manly way, and keeps up no grudge. I shall ever think the better of him for it. Be ready, girl, and let us show him all fair courtesy."

"I like him not, father," said Margaret, "and can scarce think that there can be much of good in his thoughts towards us."

"Tush, girl!" returned Sir William; "hast thou the vanity to think no man can like thy pretty face at one time, but he must sigh for it to the end of his days! It pleases me to find that our neighbour has a better soul in him than I thought, and we shan't baulk his feasting. Be ready, and I will see that a fair answer be returned to this same friendly cartel."

Leaving Sir William Anstruther and his beautiful daughter to themselves, let the reader proceed with us to the mansion of Thirdpart, a low-built structure of comparatively recent erection, in a private apartment of which sat the master of the dwelling with two of his friends. Margaret Anstruther had, upon the whole, some reason, as far as looks went, for not being favourable to the Laird of Thirdpart. Though a man in the prime of life, he was low in stature, with a countenance which betokened acuteness, but in the shape of low cunning. Altogether, the expression was a sinister one, though perhaps, if asked to say where the unpleasant characteristics lay, one might have found it difficult to answer. The Laird of Thirdpart was in reality a man of despicable passions, and formed a good specimen of the dissolute men of the period, when such law as existed met with little respect, and private feuds led to a commission of the worst of crimes. The ill-regulated mind of the laird had, it appears, fired at the rebuke of his neighbour the knight of Dreel, and now contemplated that species of revenge which the Scottish landed gentry at the time seldom scrupled to perform, either by their own hand or that of hired assassins. A vassal, who knew no law but his master's will, was generally employed in these vengeful offices; and such the Laird of Thirdpart would have enlisted in his cause, but for the timely



arrival at his house of a wandering beggar or gaberlunzie, whose form, manner, and apparently audacious character, seemed to sanction his being engaged for the purpose. What were the precise inducements held out on the occasion, tradition does not say; and it is enough to know that the wanderer, who, in his rambles in the district, had sought a temporary residence at Thirdpart, was to remain for a day or two in the mansion, and to take an opportunity of murdering the expected guest.

According as the story runs, the ragged mendicant comported himself, on the night of his arrival at Thirdpart, in a manner not to be expected from one of his apparent character. For more than two hours after retiring from the hall, to the mean apartment allotted for his rest during the night, he never stirred, but remained watchful like a sentinel at his post. At length, all sounds having ceased in the house, he raised his head in an attitude so indicative of alertness and attention, that it was plain he had hitherto lain in meditation, not sleep. In a short time, he rose from his couch, and lifting the lamp, went softly to the window. It was a high square one, not more than a foot and a half in diameter, and was no farther secured than by the strong wooden frame, which was not hinged or moveable. With the help of the table, the beggar examined it closely, and then, stepping down, he took from his dress a strong knife, and ungirt a rope of considerable length, which was wound round his person beneath his rags. With great caution, he began to force off the whole frame of the window, and, after much working, succeeded in getting it down without noise. The vagrant then fastened one end of the rope to a hook above the window, and, after bolting the door of his room, he passed his body backwards through the window, and by means of the rope, aided by the grasp of his feet upon the wall, descended safely to the ground. Leaving the rope hanging, he then cautiously but swiftly passed from the precincts of the house of Thirdpart, guided on his way by the light of a half-full moon.

Within an hour afterwards, the mendicant reached the Castle of Dreel, and with some difficulty procured an audience of its proprietor. His story was soon told, and to wondering ears.

"Sir William, your life is in danger. You have been invited to Thirdpart on the morrow at noon?"

"I have," said the knight.

"You are asked thither to be murdered!" returned the beggar.

At command of Sir William, the stranger then detailed the whole of the circumstances of the previous day, and disclosed the proposal made to himself. The startled knight cross-questioned the man relative to all the parties and particulars, and found the whole statement so clear, that conviction forced itself upon his mind. A pause then ensued. "And how come you," said the knight suddenly, casting a sharp glance at the stranger, "to take so much friendly interest in me, as to risk thy life, perhaps, to give me this warning?"

As if conscious that the act did appear strange, the beggar looked down, and it was with some hesitation that he replied, "No true man should stand idly by, and see a brave gentleman borne down by traitors."

"Ha!" said the knight, "is this language natural to one in thy station?"

"A poor man, Sir William, may be a true man," said the other.

"What if I detain thee to await the issue of this affair, and put thy truth to the test?" returned the baron. The vagrant looked up, and replied, quietly but firmly, "You will then, Sir William, give warning to your enemies of thy betrayal, and put them so on their guard, that they may either make light of any accusation brought against them, or defy your power of retaliation. To permit proof of my words to appear, I must return to Thirdpart, and be found in the morning where I was left at night."

Sir William thought deeply for a few moments. "Yes," said he, "I will give them plot for plot! Return, friend, to Thirdpart. We shall meet again, I doubt not, when I may thank thee more fully for this service than is now in my power."

Once without the castle, the beggar started off at speed, and soon reached Thirdpart. By means of the rope, and the activity of his limbs, he reascended to his chamber. All was undisturbed. By the first light of dawn, he replaced the window as carefully as possible, and then, for the first time after his strange night adventures, the vagrant slept soundly.

The Laird of Thirdpart received a disappointment in the morning. A messenger from the Castle of Dreel announced that its lord had become suddenly unwell, though not to a very severe extent. "So hopeful, indeed," was Sir William Anstruther of the speedy disappearance of his ailment, that he prayed his neighbour of Thirdpart, with all courtesy, to visit him on the following day. So ran the important part of the message. The Laird of Thirdpart saw nothing in these circumstances, excepting the occurrence of an unforeseen accident, and he hugged himself with the consoling idea that his revenge was but postponed, not frustrated. He even imagined that his visit to Dreel would improve matters, by throwing the knight more off his guard; though Thirdpart was sensible that Sir William, under any circumstances, was open and unsuspicious in temperament. The laird took care to warn certain confederates of what had happened, and he also had a conference with the beggar, whom he found in the morning quietly asleep in his place of confinement.

"The service which I looked for at your hands cannot be done to-day," said Thirdpart.

"And when may it be done?" said the other.

"That cannot be told at present," returned the laird;

"but the matter will be executed soon—soon, I hope. All you have in the meanwhile to do is to be at hand, and ready. Here you can find no difficulty in loitering about in your roguish profession, and be no way troubled for your safety. A boat, with a trusty hand to row it, waits at Elie to carry you afterwards across the firth to Lothian."

To this charge there was no remonstrance, and the treacherous laird shortly afterwards set out for the Castle of Dreel. The distance being short, and the visit being one not of state but neighbourly courtesy, Thirdpart went alone, trusting also, by this show of easy and friendly confidence, to further the great purpose which he had in view, and which his dastardly spirit had brooded over, until all idea of its criminality had disappeared. It was true that in those days kings, and barons, and gentry, were all alike unscrupulous on occasions, and could take away the lives of guests sitting at their boards with confident trust in the ties of hospitality. Such deeds were not then viewed in the light which their guilt deserved; and it was comparatively easy for the actors, by money or influence, to exonerate themselves from the vengeance of the law, or other consequences that might follow. But, on the whole, men knew well enough that such actions were vile crimes. Thirdpart was sufficiently aware of this, but the rankling sense of imaginary insults led him to forget it, and to meditate a retaliation far, far exceeding the offence.

The knight of Dreel was made aware of Thirdpart's approach to the castle. Fisher Willie was, as we have said, naturally generous in spirit, but hot-tempered, and, like all of his class and race at the time, prone to revenge. Since the communication of the beggar had been made, the knight had meditated upon the intended assassination, until he had wrought himself into a state of wrath which he found it difficult, almost perilous, to keep within bounds. On hearing of the coming of his foe, he snatched up a pole-axe, and rushed to the landing-place at the top of the winding stair of the castle, by which Thirdpart had necessarily to ascend. The unsuspecting traitor came up the steps, with his smoothest looks called up to meet the knight. Behind him came one of the domestics of the castle, and in the train of this man followed an unnoticed guest, with quick but quiet steps. This was the beggar, who, imagining probably that the fiery knight might take some measures likely to be affected by his presence, had followed Thirdpart unperceived. But the vagrant could not foresee what the hot and rash knight was to do.

"Base traitor!" cried Sir William at once, fronting Thirdpart on the landing-place, and raising his pole-axe to his shoulder; "how darest thou pollute this castle with thy presence? How darest thou come to smile to-day on the man, whom, hadst thou attained thy base ends, thou wouldst have stabbed yesterday to the heart?"

At this sudden and unexpected charge, the conscious Thirdpart grew pale as death, and staggered backwards. His lips moved, but, in the shock of the moment, he uttered no audible words. "Look behind thee!" cried the furious knight, whose eye had lighted on the beggar, "and confess thy guilt!" Thirdpart unconsciously obeyed. When he saw the vagrant, he started, and could not restrain the word "Traitor!" The word was a rash one. "Traitor is he?" roared the knight; "thou art the traitor, and shalt die a traitor's death!" And as he spoke, the axe descended on the head of Thirdpart, and laid him lifeless on the spot where he stood.

The passion which dictated this dreadful act quickly abated; and while the domestic and the beggar looked with anxious faces on the body of the slain traitor, Sir William himself said, in a low voice, "It was a hasty deed!" A long silence ensued. The reason of the knight gradually resumed its full sway, and his thoughtfulness indicated that he had become fully alive to the possible consequences of what had passed. Thirdpart was not without friends, and, through ignorance of the motives, the action might be viewed in a very unfavourable light—one much more so, at least, than those who knew the whole case would certainly view it in. "The king! the king!" cried Sir William at length, starting from his remorseful musing; "the king must be told all! He alone can remedy this evil hap!"

Within an hour or two afterwards, the knight of Dreel was ready to take the road, with an attendant or two. He had seen his daughter, and though the rashness of her parent had called forth many tears, the knight had partly succeeded in soothing her, and quieting her anxious fears for the consequences. "Fear not, child, I know my royal master well," said he. "A thought has struck me, which I will pursue." Accordingly, after giving particular orders for the detention of the beggar, the knight set out on his journey.

Sir William was not long in reaching the palace. Without delay, he presented himself before the king. "A boon, a boon! my liege!" was the exclamation of the knight as he knelt before his sovereign. "What! my burly knight of Anstruther! Welcome, welcome! How doth the fair Margaret?" One word of her before sought else."

"My daughter is well, royal sir!" replied Sir William. "But may it please you, listen to the suit I have humbly to prefer."

"Speak, Sir William Anstruther," said the king; "it will be a hard asking which I will refuse to a tried servant like thee."

"I have, then, my liege," returned Sir William, gravely, "to beg that I may live to wear the coat now upon my back, and to possess all that is in it."

The seriousness with which this seemingly droll petition was preferred tickled the fancy of the king, as well as of the others present, and they burst into prolonged laughter. "Thou hast thy boon, Sir William, and thy suit along with it," said Robert. The courtiers were bound to laugh at the royal joke, and all enjoyed the continued solemnity of Fisher Willie's look a little longer, until one of them, with the remark that the knight was never deemed silly, suggested that the king should call

for an explanation of the petition. "I have no fears that evil lurks under it," said Robert; "my Fisher-knight was never a terror to me with his quarrels, like some else." The king's glance at the previous speaker gave point to the remark. Sir William Anstruther, though assured that the king would not retract his word, and that, by the device which he had used—a device, by the way, which was far from uncommon in these strange old times—he had secured life and lands, his *charter-deeds* being in his coat-pocket, yet felt it a difficult matter rightly to tell the rest of his story. The account of Thirdpart's death made the king start and look grave, but when the treacherous plot of the deceased was divulged, the cloud in a great measure disappeared. Finally, Robert confirmed his first decision that the coat and its contents should stick by the knight as long as he could stick by them. The monarch only required that a statement of the affair should be put into his hands, additionally certified, if possible, by the confession of one of the surviving parties to the plot. "But, mark me, Sir William," were the sovereign's last words, "no feuds with the friends of Thirdpart. Enough of blood has been shed. Claim my protection in case of assault, and the word of a king shall be kept with you."

It was with a lightened heart that Fisher Willie entered his own castle again, on the third day after his departure. "All is well, all is well, Meg," said he, as he kissed his daughter, and gave her an account of what had passed. "And now, Meg," said he, "I have a debt to pay, which must stand against me no longer." Then, calling his servants, he ordered them to bring the beggar before him. In a few minutes, the vagrant stood in presence of the knight and his daughter, with head respectfully bowed towards the ground.

"I owe this man my life," said the knight, "how thinkest thou, daughter, he should be repaid?"

"He has the warmest gratitude of a daughter for the boon he has conferred, in saving a father from death," said Margaret, with moist eyes.

"By my honour, but he shall have more," returned the knight. "How! are fathers so plenty, or of so little worth, or so lightly esteemed, that a daughter can give but the breath of her mouth for such an act as this? No, he must have more from thee, Meg!—to be brief, he must have thy hand!"

"Father!" exclaimed Margaret, in tones of extreme surprise.

"Yes," said Sir William, "such a debt can only be paid thus. He *shall* be thy husband! I swear it, by my father's bones!"

"Father! dearest father!" cried Margaret in tones of agony—heedless of the beggar, who had started forward with clasped hands; "dearest father, do not break my heart! Oh, say you are not in earnest! I love another!"

"Pshaw, silly girl!" exclaimed the knight, startling his daughter still further by bursting into a hearty laugh; "can an old man's eyes detect the face which he had but once seen, while a slight disguise can blind them, *loving* though they be?" As he spoke, he seized the long black locks of the gaberlunzie, and, snatching them off, disclosed to view the short brown hair and fine features of a youth of two-and-twenty.

"Margaret! beloved Margaret!" said Patrick Home, for such was the unveiled beggar. The young daughter of the knight grew suddenly red and pale by turns, and her contending emotions ere long found vent in a flood of joyful tears. These were shed in her lover's arms, which were opened to receive her, and which folded her in an embrace the more exquisite to both, as former circumstances had given but little reason to hope that such a pleasure would ever fall to their lot—at least with a parent's full sanction, and under his eye.

We have now almost closed this traditional story of Fisher Willie and the fair Margaret Anstruther. Patrick Home, whom she had met at court and loved, as already hinted, made the avowal to the knight, that he had disguised himself as a beggar, in the hope of seeing his mistress once more; and that he had brought with him a rope, prepared at all risks to attempt the accomplishment of an interview with her, without whom he felt life a burden. That rope had been of signal use to him, when, by mere accident, he had been taken into the house of Thirdpart, and had become acquainted with the designs of that personage and his associates. The knowledge that Thirdpart had been a disappointed suitor of Margaret, the descriptions of the plotters, and other circumstances, had made him fully assured that Sir William Anstruther was the victim aimed at. The rest is known to the reader. To the delight of Margaret's ears, Sir William praised loudly young Home's courage and presence of mind, which had been the means of producing such an escape. The knight also took some individual credit for detecting the youth through his rags, and admitted that the grave train of thinking which his own rash act had led to on the journey to Stirling, had determined him to cease his feudal hatred, and reward Patrick Home by consenting to the match in which his happiness and that of Margaret seemed to be bound up.

Patrick Home, soon after these events, conveyed across the firth to Berwickshire one of the loveliest brides who ever entered the bounds of the borders. We shall only further say, that regret for his rashness made Fisher Willie more temperate in his wrath throughout his remaining life, though some palliation of his act was derived from the confession, under promise of safety, of one of Thirdpart's associates. But, in truth, few in those days blamed Sir William for Thirdpart's death; and the king, in honouring the knight with new heraldic bearings, even made him take the allusive device of a "hand with a pole-axe," with the motto "*Perilsom ni perilsom*;" in English, "I should have perished, had I not gone through with it," or "had I not made another perish." To this day, the Anstruthers bear these arms; and it is also said that the coat in which Fisher Willie went to Stirling, was preserved, up till within these few years, at the modern family seat of Elie House. It was an ample garment, and very rich. A thoughtless lady-descendant unluckily cut this relic to pieces.



## DETHRONEMENT OF RICHARD II.

[From a beautifully embellished work—"Wanderings and Excursions in North Wales, by Thomas Roscoe," now publishing in parts.]

THE town of Flint (North Wales) has all the appearance of a fallen and deserted capital. The imposing ruins of the castle are seen on the north-east of the town, and stand in bold relief upon a rock jutting from the south bank [of the Dee] into the sands. To this stronghold, we are informed by Froissart, the unfortunate Richard II. retreated, as a place of the greatest security; and here he was subsequently delivered into the hands of Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster. The scene between Richard and his haughty kinsman is perhaps one of the most remarkable and pathetic in the range of British history, and throws around these ruined precincts a still sterner air of melancholy interest and truth.

On the attainer of Vere, Earl of Oxford, Flint Castle came into possession of the Earl of Northumberland, who had the baseness, under the mask of a peacemaker, to entrap the sovereign whom he professed to serve, into the hands of his enemy and aspiring rival. As if anxious to effect a reconciliation between the king and the duke, by means of a personal interview, he appeared before Richard in the character of a loyal mediator, declaring that all his kinsman aimed at was the privilege of holding a free parliament, and having his estates restored to him. Deceived by his loyal professions, and weakly relying upon the honour of an English peer, he was prevailed upon to give his betrayer a meeting in the neighbourhood of Conway. The better to allay the king's suspicions, which were more than once expressed, he proposed to accompany him to high mass, and renew his oath of allegiance at the altar. The way from the holy temple lay through a lonely defile in the mountain district near Penmaen Rhos; and here the king was first taught to repent of having placed confidence in the solemn oath of one of the first nobles of the land. They were soon joined by a numerous military escort, bearing the arms of the Earls Percy on their standards. Upon the instant, Richard, who was never wanting to himself in moments of emergency, turned his horse's head to fly, but it was too late; the arch-traitor himself dashing forward, seized the reins of his charger, and, seconded by his partisans, forcibly directed his wretched sovereign's route towards the then broad, frowning towers of Flint.

Bitterly did the royal Richard reproach the dastardly betrayer of his sovereign's trust, accusing him, to his face, of the vilest treachery that ever stained the arms of an English knight, and appealing to the God, in whose presence he had that morning sworn fealty, to visit its blasphemous violation upon his head, declaring a day of retribution would assuredly follow a deed so revolting to every mind. But his betrayer only hurried forward more speedily till he reached Rhuddlan, and, after a brief pause, hastened onward, with the conscious guilt of a retreating bandit, eager to deposit his stolen treasure, ere he could be overtaken, in the impregnable walls of Flint. Having secured the price of royal blood, he added the most despicable hypocrisy to treachery and insult. Both he and his employer affected to treat Richard with the utmost deference and respect. "The next day after dinner," says our pleasant old chronicler Stowe, "the Duke of Lancaster entered the castle, armed at all points, his basinet excepted. Kyng Richard came down from the keep, or donjon, to meet him, when Bolingbroke fell upon his knees with his cap in his hand. Seeing this act of apparent submission, the kynge tooke off his hood and spake first—'Fair cousin of Lancaster, you are right welcome home.' The duke, bending still more courteously, replied, 'My liege, I am come before you sent for me, the reason why I will shew you. The common fame among your people is such, that ye have for the space of twenty or two and twenty years ruled them very rigorously; but, if it please our Lorde, I will help you to govern better.' Then the kyng answered, 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me well.'" Stowe also informs us that "Kyng Richard had a grayhounds called *Mathe*, who always waited upon the kyng, and would know no one else; for whenever the kyng did ryde, he that kept the grayhounds did let him lose, he wolde streight rane to the kyng, and fawne upon him, and leape with his fore-feet upon the kyng's shoulders. And as the kyng and the Earle of Derby talked togider in the courte, the grayhounds, who was wont to leape upon the kyng, left the kyng, and came to the Earle of Derby, Duke of Lancaster, and made to him the same friendly continuance and chere as he was wont to do to the kyng. The duke, who knew not the grayhounds, demanded of the kyng what the dog would do! 'Coryn,' quod the kyng, 'it is a great good token to you, and an evyll sygne to me.' 'Sir, how know you that?' quod the duke. 'I know it well,' quod the kyng; 'the grayhounds maketh you chere this day as kyng of Englande, as ye shall be, and I shall be deposed: the grayhounds hath this knowledge naturallye, therefore take him to you; he will follow you and forsake me.' The duke understood well those words, and cherished the grayhounds, who wold never after folowe Kyng Richard, but folowed the Duke of Lancaster."

Soon, however, this hollow show of respect was thrown aside, and dropping the mask, with a high sharp voice he ordered forth the king's horses; and

then "two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought out; the king was set on the one, and the Earl of Salisbury on the other; and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the sons of the Duke of Gloucester and of the Earl of Arundel, whose fathers he had recently put to death." They conducted him straight to the prison, and in this "dolorous castelle," as it is termed by Hall, was deposed the weak and unfortunate monarch, Richard II.

After an interview like the foregoing, the speedy fate of Richard—the invariable fortune of a captive and dethroned prince—calls for no comment. In its most trying circumstances—such as the heartless parade of his victim through the country in his progress to the capital—how well does the exquisite description of our immortal dramatist exhibit the startling scene, and all the traces of Bolingbroke's character! With what peculiar felicity he holds to view the noble moral—a fearful lesson to princes—of the transient state of human greatness, and the still more transient nature of human favour.

## Men's eyes

Did scowl on Richard: no man cried—God save him;  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off—  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience—  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perceive have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him."

## SHEEP ON THE CHEVIOT HILLS.\*

Grazed on, grazed on—there comes no sound  
Of border warfare here;  
No slogan-cry of gathering clan,  
No battle-axe or spear.  
No belted knight in armour bright,  
With glance of kindling ire,  
Doth change the sport of Cheviot Chase  
To conflict stern and dire.

Say, know ye that ye press the spot  
Where Percy held his way  
Across the marches, in his pride,  
The "chieftest harts" to slay?—  
And where the stout Earl Douglas rode  
Upon his milk-white steed,  
With fifteen hundred Scottish spears,  
To stay the invader's deed?

Grazed on, grazed on—there's many a mill  
Wild wandering through the glade,  
Where you may freely slake your thirst,  
With none to make afraid:  
There's many a murmuring stream that flows  
From Cheviot's terraced side,  
Yet not one drop of warrior's gore  
Distains its crystal tide.

For Scotia from her hills hath come,  
And Albion o'er the Tweed,  
To give the mountain-breeze the feud  
That made their noblest bleed;  
And like two friends, around whose hearts  
Some brief estrangement run,  
Love all the closer for the past,  
And sit them down as one.

## NATIVE SCENERY.

Sweetly wild, sweetly wild,  
Were the scenes that charm'd me when a child!—  
Rocks, grey rocks, with their tracery dark;  
Leaping rills, like the diamond spark;  
Torrent voices, thundering by,  
When the pride of the vernal floods swell'd high;  
And quiet roofs, like the hanging nest,  
Mid cliffs by the feathery foliage drest.  
Beyond, in these woods, did the wild rose grow,  
And the lily gleam white where the lakelets flow,  
And the trailing arbutus shroud its grace,  
Till its fragrance betray'd its hiding place,  
And the woodbine hid to the dew its cup,  
And the vine with its clustering grapes go up,  
Up to the crest of the tallest trees.  
And there, with the humming birds and bees,  
On a seat of turf, embroider'd fair  
With the violet blue and the columbine rare,  
It was sweet to sit, till the sun laid down  
At the gate of the west his golden crown.  
Sweetly wild, sweetly wild,  
Were the scenes that charm'd me when a child!

## ROBIN'S DREAM.

"I think I'll no be lang on this yirth," said a person, overheard in an adjoining room, whose stutter indicated inebriety. "What's the matter noo wi' ye, Robin," replied the other, who was not so far gone; "will ye tell me whar ye're gaun, and if it's a better place, I'll gang wi' you, man?" "Dinna joke about it, Willie, for it's true; I had an awfu' dream." "Dream! ye taverit fool! wha cares about dreams?" "Ay, but this is a real true dream." "How do you ken it's true! has't been fulfilled already?—that's the only way I can ken whether dreams are true or no; maybe it's a ghost that I'm speakin' to: if sae, it's the first o' the kind that I ha'e heard o' that could stan' sax gills at a sittin'." "Will you just haud your tongue, and I'll tell ye a' about it. I dreamt that I was in a kirkyard, and I saw a great big open grave." "Man, that's frightsome, Robin; but say awa'." "An' there was an auld hat lying at the boddom o' the grave, an' an auld bauchle [old shoe] at the mouth o't, and the twa were crackin' to ane another." "Hout, tout, tout, tout! havers! bladders!—how could a bauchle speak to a hat, or a hat to a bauchle! We a' ken that there's tongues in heads, but I ne'er heard o' ony in hats or

bauchles afore; there's gey lang tongues whiles aneath mitches, as ye ken." "It's a dream, ye stupid block-head; will ye no keep your ain tongue within your teeth till I tell't to you. The bauchle was lookin' doon, as I thought, mae ways than ane on the puir hat, and it was sayin', 'Friend, you're low aneuch i' the world now—chang't days wi' you; wha like you wi' your birse up when you were cockin' on the baillie's pow?' 'Ay,' said the hat, 'it's chang't days wi' me, nae doubt.' 'What brought ye to sic a waeft' plicht?' said the bauchle. 'Whan the baillie brought me hame, my skin was as sleekit as the otter's, and they were sae carefu' about me, that they would scarcely let sun or win' licht on me—put umbrellas aboon me when the least smur o' rain cam' on; an' when the baillie was on the bench, there was I lying aside him on the velvet cushion, as crouse as a newly kamed cat; but I got out o' fashion, an' anither ane was brought hame, and they would scarcely gie me a nail to hing on, but gied my braw brass pin to the new comer, an' I was ta'en out at nights, and in wat wather, to save it; and after they had sairt themselves wi' me, they selt me to an Eerish broker, and he selt me again to a Paddie: he got himsel' drunk as nicht, and fell and clour't his ain croon, and knockit out mine; then they sewed me up and fill'd me wi' saun', and carried me frae house to house fu' o' brayed stanes to saund their floors wi', as lang as the steeks would haud my croon together; and then they threw me out into the close, and a blackguard callan tied me to a dog's tail, and he ran into the kirkyard wi' me, and I was tumbled in here. Ye seem to be sair forfochten yoursel', bauchle—you're aboon me noo in the warl'; time about, it's aye the way o't. Sin' I ha'e tell't ye my sorrowfu' history, ye might let me hear yours.' 'It's something like your ain, beaver; we may shake hands owre our misfortunes. When I cam out o' the souter's hands, wha like me?—ye might hae taen aff your beard at me, instead o' a glass, wi' real reflection. Mony a bottle o' Day and Martin was poured on my outside, to gar me glitter. I was a real cordivan slipper; and my lady, when she brought me hame, wad only gang on carpets wi' me, and as canny as if she were gaun on velvet. In a while she put me on to balls and routs, and my sides pay't for't there; but the worst thing for me was the kicking and flinging at Highlan' reels; twa o' them did me mair damage than sax wecks, nicht after night, o' your scrapin', bowin', and beeking at quadrilles. If I had my life to begin again, and had it in my power, I ne'er would gang wi' ony person to a place whar they were likely to dance reels; my lady dang out my sides wi' her kicken' and flingin', and put herse' in sic a puff o' heat, that a gliff o' win', as she gaed through the lobby, catch't her by the throat, and sat down on her lungs, puir thing, and we were haith thrown on the shelf at the same time; she was buskit in her deadal dress in less than three months after. The servants i' the house took me up next, and their big trampers soon finished my career; they coost me o'er the window up there, that looks into the kirkyard, and here I am.' That's my dream. Oh, man, Will, I believe I am gaun to dee, it's just a warnin' to me—wow! wow!" "Havers, man, Robin, whar are ye goin' at—it's just a sicht o' the ups and downs o' the warl'. Our ain bodies—baillies' beavers and ladies' slippers—a' below the beaver or aboon the bauchle. The doctor may plaster and cuiter us up for a while, but the steeks that haud the fabric together will gie way, rosin them as ye may; asunder ye come like the poor bauchle, an' a' the art aneath the sun canna put the pieces in their places, and steek them thegither again."—*Laird of Logan.*

## MODE OF PURIFYING WATER.

It is well known that animal charcoal possesses the property of withdrawing certain salts from their solution in water. M. Girardin of Rouen was lately consulted in a case where water kept in a new cistern became tainted by dissolving a portion of lime and cement; Girardin ordered about 24 lbs. of ivory black, or animal charcoal, to be thrown into the cistern. In fifteen days, the water contained no lime in solution, and since that time the water has been excellent.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

## MUSIC.

MEMBERS CHAMBERS have just added to their EDUCATIONAL COURSE a small work, entitled *RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC*, in two parts (price 1s. 4d. each), designed for use in schools and in private instruction. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the beneficial effects to be derived from the general introduction of vocal music into elementary schools, as a branch of study peculiarly adapted to young minds. These have been proved and experienced both in Holland and Germany, where singing is almost universally taught in initiatory schools; and, indeed, the inclination which is gradually displaying itself in this country, to introduce singing as a branch of elementary instruction, justifies the prediction that this will, at no distant day, become a universal practice. It is with this impression, and to promote that desirable object, that the present treatise on the elementary parts of music and singing has been written. It is only necessary to add, that the work has been prepared by Mr. ROBERT SCHULTZKE, who for some years was engaged in teaching music, and other branches of instruction, in the schools of Holland, under the sanction of the School Commission of that country.

The "Rudiments of Music," and all other treatises composing "Chambers's Educational Course," may be had from the booksellers who supply Chambers's Journal, Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh. Sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; J. MACLEOD, Glasgow; and all booksellers.

\* This and the following piece have been communicated by Miss L. H. Sigourney